La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou liest, Queene Margaret saw
Thy bloudy faulchion smoking in his bloud,
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slaunderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloudy minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries,
Didst thou not kill this King. *Glo.* I grant yea.
La. Dost grant me hedghogge then god grant me too
Thou maiest be damnd for that wicked deede,
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen where thou shalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place els if you will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bedchamber.
La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so, but gentle Lady Anne,
To leaue this keen incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the timeles deaths,
Of these Plantagenets Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner.
La. Thou art the cause and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleepe:
To vndertake the death of all the world
So I might rest one houre in your sweete bosome.
La. If I thought that I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beauty from my cheekes.
Glo. These eies could neuer indure sweet beauties wrack,

You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sonne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengd on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go to, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why that was hee.
Glo. The selfesame name but one of better nature.
La. Where is he. *Shee spitteth at him.*
Glo. Heere.
Why dost thou spitte at me.
La. Would it were mortall poison for thy sake.
Glo. Neuer came poison from so sweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poison on a fouler toade.
Out of my sight thou dost infect my eies.
Glo. Thine eies sweete Lady haue infected mine.
La. Would they were basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:
Those eies of thine from mine haue drawen salt teares,
Shamd their aspect with store of childish drops:
I neuer sued to friend nor enemy,
My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing words:
But now thy beauty is proposde my fee:
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speake.
Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissing Lady not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Lo here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword:

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